

# OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

## CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

A second and third attempt Miss Fulton made to solve the mystery of the haunted chamber. On the second night the place was not visited, and the adventurous girl had slept soundly from 2 o'clock until daylight. But the third night, just as 12 o'clock struck, she heard the rattle of a key in the lock and directly the door swung upon creaking hinges, and the tall figure she had once before seen stepped over the threshold. This time the figure was black only, simple black, and the veil that covered her face and shoulders was sable crape. She went forward until she stood upon the blood stain on the carpet and then sinking down to her knees she muttered some unintelligible words that sounded like a denunciation. Then she rose quickly and turned toward the closet where hung the bridal veil.

Helen sprang forward and grasped her firmly by the arm. A hoarse cry broke from under the black veil. With a gigantic strength the arm was torn from Helen's grasp, and, as before, the figure vanished in the shadows of the corridor. But she had left behind her a souvenir. For closely clasped in Helen's hand was a piece of torn cloth, and on carrying it to the light, Helen saw that it was a fragment of heavy, lustrous black silk. The face grew pale as marble and she leaned on a table for support.

"My God!" she exclaimed, under her breath, "what if it should be?"

Helen Fulton said nothing of her adventures to any one, but she was watchful and alert, and very little took place at the Rock of which she was not cognizant. With Ralph she was a great favorite. Her playfulness helped to dispel the gloom which hung constantly over him; he liked to listen to her childish talk and he liked to be surprised by the sudden flashes of wisdom beyond her years that sometimes gleamed through the free carelessness of her conversation. He took her with him to Agnes and himself in the little Sea Foam and before she had been a month at the Rock Helen Fulton knew every inch of the coast for miles and would manage a boat as well as the roughest old fisherman in the vicinity. Her father kept writing to recall her home, but she was so happy there among the rocks by the sea, she said, that she could not return until she had seen the coast by the light of a summer sun, and so the indulgent old gentleman ceased to urge her.

## CHAPTER XI.

LYNDE GRAHAM sat before a little table in his cell. He had a pen in his hand, and writing materials upon the table. He laid down the pen, and leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

His imprisonment had brought upon him a great change. His face was pale and attenuated, his lips had grown thin by constant compression, and his eyes, once so bright and daring, were sad and misty with the tears pride would not let him shed. For as the time drew near when his reprieve would expire, and the fatal sentence of the law must be executed, he felt a strange, yearning desire for life. Before, when he had been so near death, he had hardly asked for life, some way, it did not seem so easy to die now. Once, he had loved in a wild, passionate way—a little short of madness—Imogene Treen; he would have given his life to have brought her one hour of happiness. But that fierce passion had died a violent death. It had been very long since he had thought of her with a single thrill, and gradually there had crept into his heart, to be cherished there in secrecy, the sweet face of Agnes Treenholme, just as he had last seen it, when she lay senseless in the arms of Dr. Hudson, at the foot of the gallows from which she had saved him. A thrill of exquisite pleasure swept over him, as he thought, if she had not loved him she would not have risked so much to save him! He flushed, his mouth grew tender as a woman's at the thought—he put out his arm as if toward some imaginary object, but dropped them again with a sad sigh.

"A prisoner—condemned to die," he said hoarsely to himself. "What right have I to think a single thought of a pure woman? And yet at heart, God knows, I am as innocent as she is!"

He rose and paced the narrow limits allotted to him with nervous haste. Then he seated himself and took up his pen.

"It can do no harm," he said, thinking aloud. "I have always meant to ask her to come to me, but not so soon—not until my nearness to death should make it my last request. But I am so hungry for a sight of her face!"

He wrote rapidly:

"Miss Agnes Treenholme—Is it being

too presumptuous to ask you to make my gloomy prison all bright for a little while with your presence? We were playmates once, you know, and in the memory of the dear old time, before sorrow came, I ask you to visit me here. I shall be unhappy until you come. Will you be kind?"

"LYNDE GRAHAM."

This little note cost Agnes a sleepless night of weeping and prayer. But when the morning came it found her calm. She said nothing to anyone of her intention, but toward noon she dressed herself in her plainest clothes and walked down to Portlea. The jailer gave her access at once. She stood alone with Lynde Graham.

His face glowed, his breath came quick. If he had followed the dictates of his heart, he would have sprung forward and folded her in his arms. But he remembered that he was a felon, and restrained himself. Agnes went forward, downcast and confused, and put her hand in his. The consciousness of her love, the love he had never asked for, made her timid and shrinking.

"You see I have come, Lynde."

"I do. I thank you for it, and also for calling me Lynde. O Agnes, it seems so much like the old times!"

"The dear old times!" she said softly.

"O Lynde, Lynde! And all the terrible change that had come over her mind, and she burst into tears.

He smoothed the hair on her forehead, his hand trembling, his voice hoarse and unsteady.

"Hush, my child! It is all in God's hands. Cannot we trust him?"

"Yes, I have. I do. But, O Lynde! only three little months, and then—"

She stopped. She could not finish the sentence.

"And then I shall have passed away," he said solemnly. "It will be better, perhaps, but I have just begun to learn how sweet life might be!"

"Lynde, I want you to tell me that you are innocent. I know that you are. I have never felt a doubt of that, but I want to hear you say it. It will be to me a great satisfaction."

"You are good to trust me, Agnes. I am innocent. I would sooner have died than harm should have come to Marina. Is that enough?"

"Yes, your simple word is all I ask. I am content."

"I thank you yet again for your trust in me. But I have never expressed to you my gratitude for the little more of life given me through your means. I know all the risk you ran, and all the sacrifice you made, and my heart is full of gratitude."

He leaned his head over hers, and lifted her face—her lips almost touched. The temptation that beset him was almost too strong to be resisted. If he could kiss her once, he thought, the remembrance would be so sweet he should forget all that might come in recalling it. But he would not. He was a man convicted and sentenced to death for the crime of murder—his very touch was pollution.

"Lynde," she said, "I could not have put this. Why do I not feel the same terrible anxiety now, I wonder? I know that this time I cannot save you, and yet I feel no fear. I seem to cast it all out of my mind."

He looked at her curiously. She seemed like one who saw far away in the future something so bright and beautiful that its glory pierced even the midnight gloom of the unhappy present. And then, the glow faded, the light went out of her eyes. She saw only the dreary prison cell, and dropping her forehead on her folded arms, she sobbed unrestrainedly. Lynde Graham half lifted his arms to take her into them, but refrained.

"O Agnes!" he said, bitterly, "if I only could! If I had a right to comfort you! But you understand what stands between us!"

She understood him fully, then. The color leaped into her cheeks—she took her hands gently away from him.

"Lynde, I must go now. Sometime I will come again. Good-by."

About this time a very singular circumstance occurred at the Rock. Quito, the great dog that had been Marina's, had been absent from home ever since the marriage of Mr. Treenholme. A friend of that gentleman, a sporting character, had borrowed the dog to take away with him into the wilds of New Hampshire, on a hunting tour he was making with some brother sportsmen; and now having returned, he brought Quito home. From the very first, the dog behaved strangely. Mr. Treenholme thought he had been so long away that he had forgotten his old friends; but that was not the case, for he greeted Agnes and the housekeeper in the most cordial canine manner. But he was restless, and ill at ease. He sniffed at the floors and the furniture, and his ears and tail were erect in an instant at the slightest sound. He refused to eat, and would not lie down in his old place on the mat in the library, but sat in a watchful attitude on the threshold of the sitting room. Helen Fulton began to make advances to him at once.

"If he'd only let me pet him," she said to Agnes. "Patting is the finest cure for ill-temper. I always pat papa when I see him for money."

She put out her hand to the dog.

"We'll be friends, won't we, Quito?"

The dog wished his great intelligent eyes, and laid his cold nose in her hand.

She put her arms around his shaggy neck.

"I love you, Quito," she said, enthusiastically. "Helen loves you! And let what will happen she'll stand by you!"

The dog barked understandingly, and looked into her face with eyes that were almost human.

A little afterward, a piercing scream echoed through the house. It came from the hall above the main entrance. Ralph rushed out of the library, where he was writing, and Agnes, Helen and Mrs. Treenholme hurried to the place. For a moment they all stood petrified with what they beheld.

Quito was holding Imogene pinioned to the floor with his heavy body, and his terrible teeth were buried in her throat! Every hair on him bristled with rage, and his eyes gleamed like coals. Imogene's face was purple, her eyes starting from their sockets, and the red blood flowing profusely down her white neck to the floor.

Ralph snatched a musket from the bracket in the wall, and struck the dog a terrible blow, and then he lifted Imogene up. Something like a thrill of tenderness went over him as her head sunk helplessly to his shoulder.

"My poor girl," he said, pityingly—then to one of the servants, "William, run quickly for the doctor!"

Imogene heard him, and raised herself quickly.

"Stop, William!" she said, imperatively. "It is not much. Bind it up, some of you. I want no doctors!"

Ralph took her up to the housekeeper's room, and the old woman washed and dressed the wound to the best of her ability. It was severe, but no serious result need be apprehended.

"Now tell me how it happened?" said Ralph, seating himself by the side of his wife.

She replied coldly:

"I hardly know. I think the dog must be naturally ill-tempered. I brushed against him as I was passing, and instantly he sprang upon me. Don't question me about it, please? It gives me the horrors to think of it."

Ralph left her and sought Quito. Helen had taken him in charge, and with his head in her lap was doing her best to comfort him for the rough treatment he had received at the hands of his master. Ralph took the animal by the collar, and Helen saw the glimmer of a revolver in his hand. She sheltered the dog with her body.

"No! no! you must not have him, if you are going to kill him! I won't let you!"

"He has nearly killed my wife, Miss Fulton; I should not feel safe with him at large. The only way to stop this is to end his life."

"But I tell you, you shall not! Mr. Treenholme, I am your guest, and if I want a dog's life spared, you can't be a gentleman, you know, unless you spare it."

"Inde-ed, I regret to deny you—"

"But you need not regret, for I will not have you deny me! You can chain the dog. But if you kill him, now mark me, if you kill him—and you shall not—there will come a day when you will be sorry for it!"

Her singular earnestness influenced him strangely. There was something about this girl he did not understand.

"Very well," he said, "I will humor you. The dog shall be chained. Come, Quito."

"Thank you," she said. "That's kind. Give me the pistol."

"What? Cannot you trust me?"

"Pistols are dangerous weapons in careless hands. Give it to me. I'll kill a squirrel for your breakfast with it in the morning." And taking the weapon from his unhesitating hand, she hurried away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TRICKS PLAYED BY PLANTS.

Artful Deceits of the Calceola—The Cow Wheat's Joke.

Dr. Lundstrom has recently described some cases of alleged plant mimicry, says London Public Opinion. The cultivated plant known as calceola may, in different conditions, produce at least three different kinds of fruit. Some have said and are said for transportation by the wind, while others have books and catch hold of passing animals, but the third kind exhibits a more desperate dodge, for it becomes like a caterpillar! Not that the fruit knows anything about it, but it is sufficiently like a caterpillar, a bird may eat it by mistake, the indigestible seeds will be subsequently dropped and so the trick succeeds.

The next case is more marvelous. There is a very graceful wild plant, with beautiful, delicate flowers, known to many as the cow wheat. Ants are fond of visiting the cow wheat in great numbers, and a sweet banquet spread out upon the leaves. Dr. Lundstrom has observed one of these ants and was surprised to see it making off with one of the seeds from an open fruit. The ant took the seed home with it. On exploring some ant nests the explorer saw that this was not the first cow-wheat seed which had been similarly treated. Many seeds were found in the ant nurseries. The ants did not eat them or destroy them. In fact, when the nest was disturbed the ants saved the seeds along with their brood, for in size, form, color and weight, even in minute particulars, the seeds in question resemble ant cocoons. Once placed among the cocoons it requires a better than an ant to distinguish the larva from the wheat. In the excitement of flitting, when the nest is disturbed, the mistake is repeated and the seeds are also saved, the trick is found out some day, for the seeds, like the cocoons, awake out of sleep. The awakening displays the fraud. The seeds are thus supposed to be scattered; they germinate and seem to thrive in the ant nests.

A preferred creditor—one who Peter presents his bill.

## GOOD EXCUSE AND IT WENT.

A Night Clerk's Explanation of Why He Missed His "Spot."

It was time for the night clerk to report for duty. He did not appear, says a writer in the Buffalo Express. The day clerk was sleepy and anxious to get home. But, of course, he couldn't desert his post. He stood it for two hours. Still the night clerk came not. Then the day clerk telephoned for the boss to come down. The boss came, yawning and stood watch until 7 o'clock in the morning. Then the missing man came in, sheepish, but determined to know the worst.

"How do I stand?" was his first remark.

"Tell your story before I decide," sternly commanded the boss.

Whereupon the delinquent unfolded this strange tale: "I went home at the usual time this morning and got to bed. I rather overslept, for it was 9 o'clock in the evening when I awoke. It did not take me long to discover that both my wife and my trousers were missing. My wife I could account for, because she had told me she was going to a masquerade party at her sister's house, which is out Cheekswagon way. But what had become of my trousers? I couldn't think until I happened to remember that I didn't know the character of my wife intended to represent. Evidently it was a male character and that solitary pair of trousers was now forming part of her disguise. I swore for an hour at her thoughtlessness, but that didn't bring back the breeches.

"We have no very near neighbors, and, anyway, I was ashamed to scream for assistance. I thought of ringing for a tall messenger boy and borrowing his pants, but unfortunately there is no call in our house. So I had to worry and stew until daylight, when my wife and trousers came home. She had won much admiration in the character of Teddy, the bootblack, but I haven't had time yet to tell her what I think of her. I was so anxious to get down here. Now," continued the night clerk, "how do I stand? If you fire me I'm going to hoof it to Oklahoma and get a divorce."

"Well, John," said the boss, "I have been thinking hard things about you all night, but your story is too good not to go. I think the best thing I can do, considering your general faithfulness, is to raise your pay the first of the year, so you can afford to own two pairs of trousers at a time."

## BARITONE AND DONKEY.

Amusing Interruption of a Concert by a Long-Eared Vocalist.

From London Tit-Bits: Mr. Clifford Hall, son of the late Sir Charles Hall, said to the writer: "I recollect a funny thing that occurred in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, when I was traveling through that country as a baritone singer. The town is rather provincial, and the poundmaster never considers that he has any duties to perform. The hall where I sang was in a portion of the village where donkeys, goats and other domestic animals hold most of the available space. The night was warm and the main entrance was left open to permit fresh air to enter. I had already sung two or three numbers and was announced to render a ballad well known in that part of the world, entitled 'Thou Art Passing Hence, My Brother.' It is full of sympathy and feeling, and as the audience seemed to be alive to my work I did my very best. The orchestra was reasonably good and I had the audience pretty well under control. The conclusion of the song contains the words, 'Brother, brother, and just as I reached them and my voice was dying away and everybody seemed spellbound, a full-grown donkey stuck his head in at the door and brayed, 'Ye-haw-w-e! ye-haw-w-e!' seemingly in answer to my words. The audience went into convulsions and the applause I anticipated was turned into howls of mirth. We had to stop there and conclude the programme. The violinist went all to pieces over the incident, and walking up to me with his bow in his hand, said, 'I say, Halte, if you expect to make a success of this South African tour, you must keep your relatives away from the front door!'

## An Old Colonial Blackhouse.

Among the attractions of the town of Bourne, Mass., are two historic cellars. One was dug by the Plymouth colony and the other by the Dutch traders. These cellars lie side by side and the structures built over them were filled with goods so necessary for the comfort of the early pilgrims as well as the Dutch. The pilgrims needed manufactured goods such as the Hollanders had for sale and the Dutch required products such as the colony could supply. Gov. Bradford, in his diary, states that this black house was built as early as 1627, only seven years after the landing of the Mayflower.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## Charity.

It may be charity for Rockefeller and Carnegie to erect living monuments in the shape of universities and libraries, but it is not the highest type, for their wealth is gotten by doubtful methods. It is unchristian for moneyed men to seize large pieces of property and profit by the industry of others without outlay themselves. No man has a right to get a monopoly on anything.—Rev. T. W. Williams.

## Two Cases.

A New York society girl sprained her ankle and was obliged to walk with a cane. A lot of other girls thought it a bad and now the lovely creature is clumping around town with cane all their own eyes. But, say, don't this sort of business give you a sneaking of nausea?

## AT A WOMAN'S GRAVE.

A MANIAC GUARDS HIS WIFE'S LAST RESTING PLACE.

Now Walter C. Webb Lost His Young Wife and Then Became a Raving Maniac—Found Burrowing for Her Bones in the Churchyard.

HERE comes from Yemassee, S. C., on the Port Royal road, a tale of a madman that is one of the saddest brought to light in years. A young husband, through grief for his dead wife, becomes insane. The story of his midnight wanderings and the finding of him in the newly made grave of his dead helpmeet, is one that is heartrending in its details.

Not many months ago W. C. Webb, the operator of the P. R. & A. and the C. & S., at Yemassee, was happily married. He and his young wife lived in the little village with no thought of trouble. The months came and went, and the domestic ties were bound more strongly. Then sorrow entered the little circle, and a few weeks since, the beautiful young wife was laid to rest beneath the massive oak from whose boughs the gray southern moss hung like a funeral garb.

There came a change in the husband. With the taking of the wife there left

him all that was dear in life. The genial in his nature vanished, and from day to day he became more and more morose and melancholy. His friends noticed it, but they could do nothing to help him. He went about his duties in a half-hearted way, and the family began to fear that his reason was unbalanced. This proved true, and last Tuesday night the climax came.

Young Webb went to his home as usual, but did not talk. At an early hour he left the family and started to his room. Some time after, his father happened to go to his room, and looking in, found that he was gone. Then a search was begun. Every room in the house was examined, but he was not there. The idea of suicide came to the anxious family, and the stables and outhouses were explored, but there was no trace of the missing man. Several of the neighbors were called in, and a party went out to further pursue the search.

Then the cemetery came to mind, and there the expedition headed. About half a mile from the home Webb's clothes and shoes were found strewn about in the road, and new terror came into the hearts of the little band.

Where could he be now? they asked themselves.

Some went to a creek near by, while others threaded their way through the dense woods on either hand. The glare of the pine torches and the faint glimmer of the lanterns the men carried brought to view no further trace of Webb. Several of the party continued on their way to the lonely burial ground which was fully two miles distant from the spot where the clothes were found. As they arrived at the gate they halted for an instant, but there came no sound of movement. Then they pressed on and went to the grave where but a few weeks since the mortal remains of the lovely young woman were laid to rest.

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